



THE ECHO

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER
JUNE, 1910

DEDICATION

To Prof. Chas. L. Searcy, in
Grateful Remembrance of his
Interest in us, we, the Class of
June, '10, dedicate this Issue of
" The Echo " :: :: ::

FACULTY

Charles L. Searcy, Principal—Mathematics and Drawing.

W. A. Vivian—History and Economics.

Frances L. O'Meara—English.

Charlotte Wirt—English and German.

Jessie W. Mailer—Biology and Mathematics.

Earle Wylie—History.

Mary F. Leddy—Latin.

Theodore A. Cutting—English and Drawing.

Ellen A. Smith—Physics and Mathematics.

Laura McDermott—Chemistry, Physiology and Physical Geography.

Alice Bumbaugh—Music.

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List of Graduates

With Honors

Minnie Cooper
Edna Ruth Crane
Ruth Eunice Elmore
Marie Christine Farnlof
Hazel Dean Graham
Grace Winifred Hinds
Anna Maude Hinds
Lulu Helman
Alma Anita Haub
Nellie Loneragan
Joseph A. Lombardi
Perry Ross Litton
Constance Marie Mader
Beulah Glenn Miller
Marian Pierson
Elsie Rickard
Kathryn Van Vliet Smyth
Jack Sibbald, Jr.
Mary Sheppard
Percy S. Williams
George W. Weeks

Howard Francis Brush
J. Kenneth Bryant
Gertrude Margaret Cnopius
Don Geary, Jr.
Clyde Vernon Hudson
Robert Lockhart, Jr.
Haltie Lewis
Alice Mary Letold
Wilfred Wines Luce
Beulah Lockwood
Frank McArthur
Victor G. McDaniel
Ralph W. Potter
Florence Pool
Ethel Purrington
John Rued
Jean Bruce Pitblado Ross
Eleanor Smith
Scott E. Webb

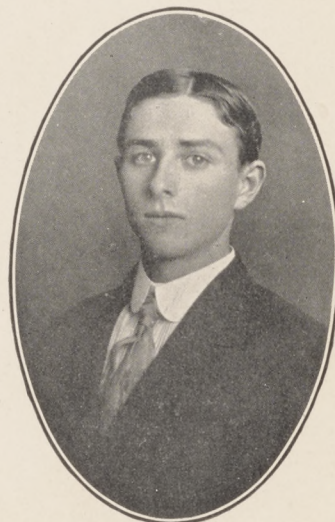
CLASS OFFICERS



LULU HELMAN
Vice-President



RALPH W. POTTER
President



CLYDE VERNON HUDSON
Secretary and Treasurer

The Class of June '10



PERRY ROSS LITTON



BEULAH GLENN MILLER



HAZEL DEAN GRAHAM

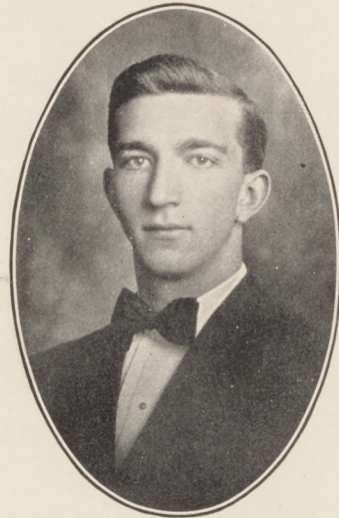


HOWARD FRANCIS BRUSH

THE ECHO.



ELEANOR PORCHER SMITH



WILFRED WINES LUCE



HALTIE LEWIS



ELSIE RICKARD

THE ECHO.



GEORGE W. WEEKS



GERTRUDE MARGARET CNOPIUS



KATHRYN VAN VLIET SMYTH



ETHEL PURRINGTON

THE ECHO.



ALMA ANITA HAUB



DON GEARY, JR.



NELLIE LONERGAN



MARIE CHRISTINE FARNLOF

THE ECHO.



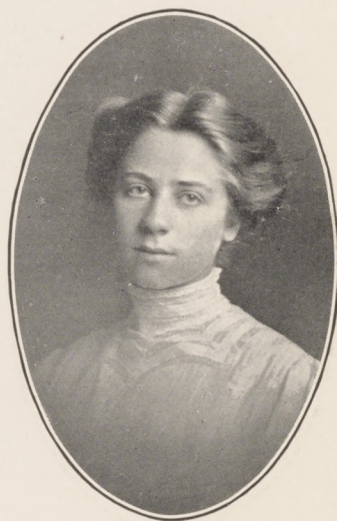
MARIAN PIERSON



ROBERT LOCKHART, JR.



FLORENCE POOL



CONSTANCE MARIE MADER

THE ECHO.



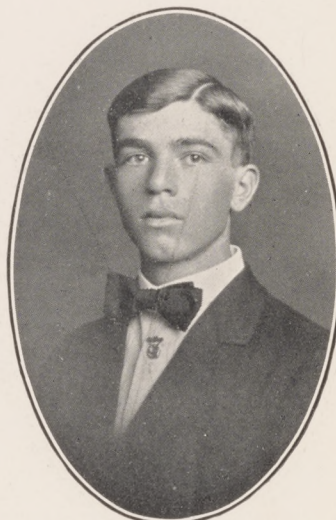
VICTOR G. McDANIEL



MARY SHEPPARD



MINNIE COOPER



JOSEPH A. LOMBARDI

THE ECHO.



PERCY S. WILLIAMS



JEAN BRUCE PITBLADO ROSS



FRANK McARTHUR

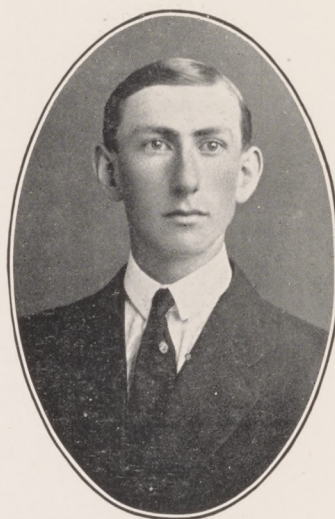


ALICE MARY LETOLD

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JACK SIBBALD, JR.



J. KENNETH BRYANT

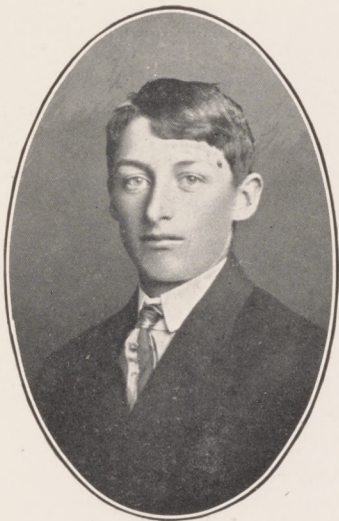


RUTH EUNICE ELMORE

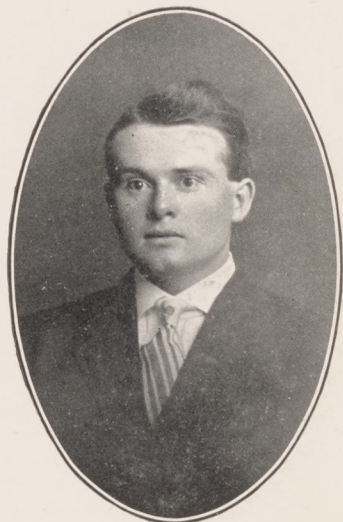
THE ECHO.



EDNA RUTH CRANE



JOHN RUED



SCOTT E. WEBB



THE ECHO



VOL. I

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA, JUNE, 1910

No. 9

CLASS OF JUNE, 1910

This graduation, your first public appearance, is being watched with exceeding interest because you represent the type of men and women for which there is public need, and because you are likely to be among the leaders of the next generation. You have shown by the seriousness with which you have performed your daily work that the training which you have received is one of great value.

Your High School course has given you power to do things, and power to enjoy things. The courses in physics, chemistry, and mathematics have enabled you to know the laws of natural forces, and therefore become able to control those forces and make them serve definite ends. In history and economics you have gained at least a certain power of prevision which will keep you from spending your efforts in useless and harmful directions. While in the courses in literature, music, and art you have opened up before you honorable and permanent sources of happiness. Power to do things and power to enjoy things are then the rewards which you have obtained from your High School course.

As you go from this school look for the best that is around you and the best will rise up always to reward you. Let your faith in the triumph of right be as firm and as resolute as the courage and steadfastness of the Ancient Mariner, who, while battling with the angry seas, cried out from the stern of his vessel, "O God, Thou canst save me if Thou wilt, and if Thou wilt Thou canst destroy me; but whether or no, I will hold my rudder fast."

Charles L. Searcy.

TO THE CLASS OF JUNE, '10

By Miss O'Meara

My Girls and My Boys:—

Tomorrow has come! You all are gone! And I sit in the old schoolroom, looking at the rows of vacant chairs. Happy children! You are free! You went laughing out the south door, whistling out the north door. What will you do with your freedom? I wonder. And there are others that wonder.

You gone, I still sit looking at the empty chairs. I wonder what I have taught you. Books? Perhaps. To read, to write, to speak good English? I have tried to teach you these things. But neither you nor I know what I have taught you, what you have learned. Only as you live, shall you and I be able to tell that. There is only one thing in all this world that is worth learning. Some of you, perhaps, will remember that John Grey, the schoolmaster, long ago on that day he bade a last good-bye to his little school in far-away Kentucky, told those he had taught and loved what that one thing is. "This is the last and the best thing I have to say to you. It sounds very plain and common, but I have nothing better to tell you because there is nothing better to tell—Be Good." That is what I have tried to teach you.

You have talked much, you have written much in my class-room, but that training will be of value to you only so far as it will cause you to have the courage to champion all that is right and to attack all that is wrong, wherever and whenever you may see either.

You have read much in my class-room but that reading has been of value only so far as it will cause you to read what is worth reading, hereafter. But mere reading of what is good is of no value if nothing more than absorption results. Reading should suggest thoughts—thoughts should produce acts. It is action that counts in life. "By their deeds, ye shall know them." There

is nothing more useless to this world than the individual that is inactive through lack of effort. There is nothing more valuable to this world than the active man of the right sort.

And remember that this world is, after all, a good world and a happy world. We hear much in these days of "the wickedness of this sinful world." But do not think about the wicked things—keep your thoughts on the good things, for those are the things to keep in mind; then there will be no room for the others. Do all you can to lift things upward, then there will be no need to trample anything underfoot. Keep looking up toward the sun and the stars. It is the bright sunlight that keeps the world alive and beautiful and happy. It is such a good thing to be happy, to carry a light heart and help the world to smile—even through its tears. To be happy; that means to be honest, to be kind, to be brave; that means getting and giving all that life has worth getting and giving. We get out of life just what we put into it.

Have I taught you these things? Have I helped you to put in the best that you may get out the best? Have I taught you that you should get out the best not just for you—for yourself, but for others? When you went out the school-room doors into the wide world standing with open arms to greet you, the old school still stood behind you. It will always stand behind you. You have passed beyond its portals—you are graduates. But you are still members of it as alumni. Do not forget that. Do not forget that it is the alumni that must maintain the standard of a school. Be loyal alumni. And year by year, as the alumni gather to add new classes to old ones, come to meet the old ones and to greet the new ones. Be active in fostering a loyalty to such an association and strive to create for it a value such that those who come to tread the steps that you have trod,

to sit in seats where once you sat, will be animated by a spirit of emulation to attain to that which you shall have helped to make "a meed of honor."

What a sermon! But you have grown to expect sermons from me, haven't you? It would not seem natural if I did not preach to you, would it? But now has come what I have, after all these years, to add—

My Benediction

When in the years that are to come,
You scan these pages, on by one,
And think of all that's written here,

Of you and all your class-mates dear;
Then count the changes Time has wrought.
The many lessons life has taught;
I trust whatever you recall
In which you've been concerned at all
Will make you feel that you have been
A credit to June, 1910.
I'll watch your lives from year to year,
Your lives to me will still be dear;
Remember what you owe your school,
You'll find it in the Golden Rule;
Good-bye! God bless you, every one!
Long life! Success! And now, I've done.

NORTH DEVON, ENGLAND



WE had enjoyed a most beautiful summer in England, in fact it was the loveliest season they had had for some time. All the sights of London we had seen—Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the great Museum, London Tower, and the many other places of interest; and in the middle of September we started on a trip through North Devon.

We took a typical English train from Waterloo, a station, which, when it is completed, will be the greatest in the world, covering eight acres of ground. It is said that one train leaves Waterloo every three minutes, and certainly there is a very tangled looking net-work of lines, stretching in all directions from this great building.

There are very few corridor trains in England, such as we have in America, the usual type being a low train, each car of which is divided into six separate compartments, of three different grades—first, second and third class—opening on the side, and containing two long seats, opposite each other. We were fortunate to have a compartment to ourselves most of the way from Waterloo to Barnstaple.

The first principal place through which we passed was Salisbury. From our car window we could see a glimpse of Salisbury

Cathedral with its spire, which is the highest in England.

Passing out of the town, we went through undulating country, where great sweeping fields, herds of sheep with their shepherds, and clusters of thatch-roofed cottages could be seen. The next important town was Exeter, the capital of Somersetshire. In the middle of the afternoon we arrived at Barnstaple, and after waiting there for about half an hour we took a very small, narrow-gauge train, which took us through a mountainous region and deposited us finally in Lynton, where we took an ancient 'bus to the "Valley of Rocks' Hotel," which is situated on the cliffs overlooking the Bristol channel. We were told that if we took the cliff walk we would probably be able to see a beautiful sunset, and we were not disappointed. Taking a path, which wound along the cliffs many feet above the water, we stopped at a convenient rustic seat and enjoyed the beauty of the scenery around us. Just in back of us rose the cliffs, covered with the bright pink heather blossoms. To our left rose "Castle Rock," much resembling its name, as it stood out against the sunset sky. Below us we could see the picturesque village of Lynmouth, with its pretty harbor and quaint old houses. Then, stretching out in front, the blue waters of the Bristol channel, and the sun-setting at

the horizon, sending out its last many-colored rays, and tinting the fleecy clouds above, before it sunk below the waters.

The following morning we decided to go to "Watersmeet," two and a half miles from Lynmouth. We reached Lynmouth by a steep, winding path down the hill-side. Lyn is derived from the Saxon word "hlyнна," or turrent, hence Lynton is the town of, and Lynmouth the mouth of the Lyn, or torrent. Lynmouth was originally a small village, the inhabitants depending for their livelihood on the sale of cured herrings. The earliest establishment of a herring fishery there appears to have arisen from the inducement offered by the abundance of the herrings, to some Dutch fisherman, about the middle of the sixteenth century. After exploring this old village, we proceeded up the river Lyn, following its banks through luxuriant woods, and passing many pretty cottages, nestling among the trees, until we came to the well-named spot, "Watersmeet," where two streams meet and become one. Up the stream, to the right, is the great water slide, made famous by the expense and is probably the longest and ploit of John Ridd, the hero of "Lorna Doone," the world-known novel by Blackmore, when he was escaping from Carver Doone. This part of North Devon is known as the "country of the Doones."

When we returned to Lynmouth, we decided not to walk back to Lynton by the steep path by which we had come down, but to take what is called the "Lift," or the Cliff Railway. This was built at great expense and is probably the longest and steepest of its kind in the world. It is forty-five per cent grade and the length is nine hundred feet. It is worked by water, which pours into the tank under the car, when it is at the top of the cliff, and is emptied when it reaches the bottom. There are two cars, connected by an endless steel rope running on the wheels at the top and bottom of the rail. Hence the water pouring into the tank of the top car provides the necessary

extra weight to hoist the car from the foot as it proceeds on its downward journey.

That afternoon we took a walk through what is known as the "Valley of Rocks," and it is certainly well named, for all over the valley are queer shaped piles of rocks, which look as if Nature had been making a huge garden somewhere, and had taken all the rocks she had gotten out of it and had dumped them from her apron in piles all over this valley. There is one, almost perpendicular, column of rocks, which is called the "Devil's Cheese-wring"; the reason for this queer title is unknown.

The following morning we took a carriage and went for a drive. One of the points of interest which we saw was Morte Hoe Church. This church, though small, is full of interest to the lover of the antique. Much of the carving on the pews, which is most beautiful, is as old as the church itself, although much has been added from time to time. One of the principal features is an old tomb, which is said to be that of William de Tracey, one of the murderers of Thomas A. Becket; the date of its erection is given as 1170, and it is hewn out of solid rock.

From Lynton we went to Ilfracombe, a large town also on the coast. We drove there in an old-time coach, with the seats for the passengers on top as well as inside, and drawn by four horses, the driver of which wore a high, white, silk hat, and the guard, as we went along, wound his horn and played some old tunes, such as "Buy a Broom," and made us feel very much as if we might be living a century or two ago. As the coach bowled along, children followed, and turned handsprings and "summer-salts" in the hope of getting some of our extra pennies. We passed through Combmartin, a village consisting of one street a mile long. There is an old church at Combmartin, dedicated to St. Peter, and built in the early English style. Within are some interesting remains of old carving, but it is chiefly interesting because it is the scene of the plot of Marie Corelli's "Mighty Atom."

Ilfracombe itself is not very interesting, but there are some interesting places near by. A few miles off the coast is Lundy, a barren island, useful only because of its granite quarries, and here one morning in a dense fog, such as we have on San Francisco Bay, Her Majesty's ship "Montagu" stuck on the rocks and was never gotten off, although she was worth \$7,250,000.

The drive or walk to Watersmouth is a favorite amongst the residents and visitors, for there are some very interesting caves there. Boats are generally in attendance to take visitors through the caves, and this is considered the best way to visit them.

From Ilfracombe we went to Bideford, the home of Charles Kingsley. One of the most noticeable things in Bideford is the "Long Bridge." It consists of twenty-four arches, pointed at the top, and is six hundred and seventy-seven feet long. It was built by the merchants, each merchant building an arch, consequently the arches vary in size, according to the wealth of the builder. This naturally gives the bridge a remarkable appearance. It was first begun in 1340. A great many mussels have grown on the arches and the city government does not allow them to be removed, because they protect the masonry, which would be eaten away by the tide which is exceedingly strong there. The merchants of Bideford were the first in England who traded with America. The little town has some very handsome buildings. At the Royal Hotel is the room in which Kingsley wrote part of "Westward Ho!" and near Bideford is a little place called Westward Ho, to which we went, and saw the remarkable Pebble Ridge, which stretches for some distance along the coast. These pebbles are banked up many feet high and form the only barrier which keeps the sea from flowing into the low lands of Westward Ho. The pebbles vary from the size of a marble to those which weigh three, four and five hundred pounds. They are all rounded and smoothed by the waves, and each has a streak of white in it, which is a harder substance than

the rest of it. The sea is continually casting up more of these rocks, and thus the barrier becomes ever higher and higher.

Near our hotel in Bideford was an old church which has a lovely peal of bells—the first we had ever heard. In the grave-yard of this church are some very old graves, some of which bear some very curious inscriptions. One of which we saw was:

"Here lies the body of Mary Sexton,
Who pleased many men, but never vexed
one;

Not like the woman under the next stone!"

One morning we took a coach from Bideford and drove for some miles through lovely country lanes and woods to one of the most picturesque spots in England—Clovelly. This beautiful fishing village, which the writings of Charles Kingsley did so much to popularize, is one that cannot fail to impress the stranger with its unique beauty. It consists of one steep street, leading from the small fishing harbor to the summit of the hill. It is formed by a series of steps or divisions that can only be ascended on foot, or by means of little donkeys, which we saw, carrying goods to and from the harbor. The population is mostly dependent on the sea for a livelihood; that is to say, by the herring fishing in the winter, and by landing and embarking passengers from the numerous excursion steamers in the summer. The houses are quaint, old-fashioned ones, many of them covered with ivy, creeping vines and roses. With its many lovely views of the water and harbor, it is a favorite spot for artists and tourists, Americans especially.

With Clovelly our delightful trip was finished. We were to have gone on to King Arthur's Castle, at Yintagel, but rain coming on prevented us, as we were coaching; so, not relishing a wetting we returned to busy London once more, with many pleasant memories in our minds and beautiful pictures lingering in our eyes of England's sweetly-picturesque country—North Devon.

Dorothy Westrup '12.

The Class of June '10--Just as it is

Name	Nick-Name	Appearance	Failing	Favorite Expression	Ambition	Favorite Retreat	Redeeming Feature
Lulu Helman	"Lu"	Avoidupois	Being absent	"Oh! I'm just bugs over it"	To be a hair-dresser	The library stairs	That hair
Marion Pierson	"Bill"	Athletic	High collars	"Oh! you horrid thing"	To be a tennis champion	At the "Compagneros"	Her walk
Kenneth Bryant	"Grandpa"	Ambitious	Scratching head	"Gee, whiz!"	To be a speller in a side-show	Mechanical lab.	Ears
Ethel Purrington	(?)	Stately	Drawing	"Where on earth?"	To be an artist	Pacific Grove	Gracefulness
Jack Sibbald	"Johnnie Jack"	Handsome	Bumming	"Oh Bull"	To be a sailor	Mendocino & 10th street	His good looks
Grace Hinds	"Pete"	Same as Maud	Cutting at 10:30	"Gracious!"	To be an acrobat	"Home, home"	Her talkativeness
Constance Mader	"Con"	Childish	Being late	"My soul and body!"	To go to college	Theaterette	Her ability to sing
Robert Lockhart	"Tiny"	Small	Star gazing	"Dash it"	To work in the stumps	Christian Endeavor	Hands
Donald Geary	"Don"	Angelic	Posture in Civics	"Put that in your smoke and pipe it"	To be a missionary	Engelena's on Thursday night	Frown
Joe Lombardi	Unknown	Dignified	Algebra III.	"Gee, Whiggikens!"	To be yell leader at college	Mr. Vivian's room	Dimples
Ralph Potter	Hasn't Any	Self-Satisfied	Gloves	"Oh Gee, that's keen"	To be a horticulturist	210 Leland st.	Pompadour
Haltie Lewis	"Hob"	Cute	Walking with (?)	"Oh Lands!"	To be editor of good manners and good form in the Ladies' Home Journal	The lawn	Coiffure
Mary Sheppard	"Polly"	Dainty	Enthusiasm	"Oh Shucks!"	To teach	The postoffice	Her "Mary" laugh
Hazel Graham	She Won't Tell	Meek	Working teachers	"Oh Gee!"	To be a nurse	Miss O'Meara's room	Her flaxen curls
Leroy Miller	"Ikey"	Languid	Winking at girls	"Questionable"	To make "E" records in Chem.	I. II. VI.	His loving ways
Jean Ross	(?)	Shy	Bluffing	"You know"	To show off	The county farm	Her curly teeth
Minnie Cooper	"Coop"	Attractive	Talking overphone	"Say, Kids"	To be a basketball champion	Bower's Hall	Orange sweater
Clyde Hudson	Hasn't Any	Energetic	Breaking Records	"Cut it out"	To make a good impression	The depot	His jewelry
Kathryn Smyth	"Kate"	Majestic	Losing class-pin	"You pill"	To teach German	Presbyterian Church	Ability to work Mr. Cutting
Anita Haub	"Nete"	Graceful as a lily	Biting finger-nails	"Oh! how noble"	To make a record at college	Berkeley	Dark hair

The Class of June '10--Just as it is--Continued

Name	Nick-Name	Appearance	Failing	Favorite Expression	Ambition	Favorite Retreat	Redeeming Feature
George Weeks	"Cupid"	Amiable	Math.	"Ah naw"	To be a match-maker	The library	Brown eyes
Florence Pool	"Poolie"	Indifferent	"E" records	"Huh?"	To be a society belle	Petaluma	Mouth
John Rued	"Hans"	Thoughtful	Queening	"Cut it out"	To be popular with the girls	Miss Vitale's Dancing Acad.	Expression
Ruth Elmore	"Rufus"	Serene	Editorials	"Oh my"	To be a book agent	Mr. Cutting's	Freckles
Eleanor Smith	"Nena"	Demure	Skating	"Simply keen"	To be a lady of leisure	Hahman's Drug Co.	Voice
Victor McDaniel	"Vic"	Lithe	Athletics	"Oh you kid"	Uncertain	Warm Springs	His amble
Gertrude Cnopius	"Cnop"	At least 30	Clothes	"I'll bet"	To be Queen of the May, 1911 carnival	The hair-dresser's	Her cunning ways
Percy Williams	"Pussy"	Jovial	Talking to the Freshmen	"Yeh?"	To be another "Dill"	The pool room	Tan shoes
Beulah Lockwood (?)		Elevated	Giggling	"I guess so"	To be an elocutionist	Grace Bros.' Park	Nose-glasses
Alice Letold	"Pug"	Tall	Waiting to walk upstairs with Walton	"Oh bosh!"	To be a prima donna	The cemetery	Long skirts
Scott Webb	"Scottie"	Delicate	Dreaming	"Oh fiddle"	To be President of United States	The Bismarck	Smile
Beulah Miller	"George"	Twelve at most	Rats	"Oh glory"	To be a "wiz" in Civics	Chicken-ranch near Fulton	Boisterousness
Edna Crane	"Ed"	Bold	Writing notes to Lulu	"Oh gee, kid"	To be a favorite of Mr. Vivian	The Rincon Valley Club House	Her face
Frank McArthur	"Fat"	Nervous	Hot socks	"What's it to you?"	To graduate with honors	The Nickelodeon	His size
Nellie Lonergan	"Nell"	Coquettish	Boys	"Oh I don't know"	To be a good girl	The elevator in the S. R. Bank Bldg.	Her barettie
Wilfred Luce	"Bill"	Industrious	Studying on the way to school	"Do you love me?"	Hard to tell	Singing on 4th St. with Holy Rollers	Nose
Maud Hinds	"Mum"	Abbreviated	Flirting	"Pity's sake"	To be a pianist	The merry-go-round when here	Her height
Perry Litton	"Perle"	Saintly	Joy-riding	"By golly"	To teach dancing	Muther's Cigar Store	His cheeks
Marie Farnlof	"Fritz"	Studious	Smiling	"Oh my"	To be a chorus girl	Columbia Theater	Artistic ability
Elsie Rickard	"My Wife"	Graceful	Singing high "G"	"Oh piffle"	To keep house for two	Electric cars	Pompador

WILL OF THE CLASS OF JUNE, '10

We, the large and highly-accomplished class of June, '10, realizing that our time is slowly drawing to a close, find it necessary that we should make our last will and testament. Therefore, in this spirit of mind, we hereby leave those things most dear to us to the ones we think most deserving.

I, Ralph Potter, president of this worthy class of June, '10, do give and bequeath my executive ability to the one who is foolish enough to assume that much responsibility. My essay on "How to Keep on Steady" can be found in the northwest corner of the front office.

I, Florence Pool, do bequeath to Gladys berry and Alice Dearborn, my unbounded facilities for writing notes, hoping that they will escape notice as well as I have done. To Charlotte Van Wormer I leave all my gentlemen friends, and to Blanche Bernard my assortment of fancy combs and hair pins.

I, Frank McArthur, will to Lester Nathenson my book on "Anti-Fat," with the request that he follow out the instructions as well as I did. My black coat and grey trousers I leave to Albert Dont, requesting that they be worn only on special occasions. My claims upon a certain girl I reluctantly bequeath to Leo Noonan.

I, Jean Ross, with the aim of benefiting humanity, do give my quiet and obedient ways to Skip Grove, to be used most when Mr. Vivian has charge of the study hall. My art of bluffing I bestow upon Roslind Boido, and my stylish navy blouse I leave to Berl LeBaron.

I, Scott Webb, leave to Hazel DuBois a package of notes, which she will find in my desk, with the request that she take one each day so that she will not miss me when I have departed. A part of my hair I leave to Guy Grosse, realizing that he is in need of a little more.

I, Mary Shepard, leave my ability to make coquettish eyes to Engelina Ward; all my

slang I hereby bequeath to Gladys Gilman, and dresses I will to Gladys Carithers.

I, George Weeks, better known as "Cupid," after using a great amount of forethought, do hereby bequeath to Adelbert La Deu my killing smile and becoming blushes. My loud baritone voice I leave to Helen Woolsey with the hopes that she will use it in her recitations.

I, Nellie Lonergan, before departing from this hall of learning, do give and bequeath to my little sister, Margaret, my fame as a basketball player, hoping that she will keep up the family reputation along that line. My polka-dot waist I leave to Lillie Lewis, and my unbounded interest and faithfulness in my studies I bestow upon Madeline Coffey.

I, Ruth Elmore, bequeath my sweet voice and demure ways to Lawrence Overton. My position as editor of the "Echo," I leave to whosoever shall seek to fill the vacancy, which I am now about to leave. To Arthur Martin, I leave all my curls and a few of my extra E's I bestow upon Fred Pederson.

I, Clyde Hudson, leave to Henry Brush, my ability as a sprinter, hoping that his laurels will outnumber mine. My class pin I leave to Helen Banta, and my supply of hot socks, I bestow upon Howard Gilkie, requesting that he show them as much as possible.

I, Alice Letold, do give this day my fame along literary lines to Dorothy Westrup, my snapping black eyes I bequeath to Alfred Shelton, and my friend, Walton, I leave in the care of Mr. Searcy, hoping that he will keep him on the straight and narrow path.

I, Donald Geary, leave all my medals and fame as an athlete to Charles Fowler. My cunning voice I bestow upon Paul Rued; my one extra credit I leave to Mary Baldridge, and my claims upon a certain girl residing on B street, I hereby bequeath to

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the one who thinks that he has a better show than I have.

I, Benlah Miller, hand down, with a spirit of resignation, to Albert Hockin, my fondness for rough-housing in the study hall. My glasses and lunch basket I leave to Blair Dickson, and to Toward Gilkie I bequeath all my old hair ribbons, with which to tie his stray locks.

I, John Rued, leave my stunning kid brother, Paul, in the care of Edith McNutt, hoping that she will treat him kindly. My school clothes I leave to Henry Brush, and my ability as a football player I will to Weston Anderson.

I, Elsie Rickard, give to Estelle Holches-ter my friend, Shirley, with the provision that she walk to and from the electric car with him so that he will not be lonely. To Russell Snyder I bequeath my lovely manners and attractive eyes, and my fondness for "cutting" I leave to Ruth Luttrell.

I, Percy Williams, bestow upon Ruth Thompson my much-cherished class pin. To all my other girl friends I leave a lock of my hair so that they will remember me when I have left this dear old school forever. My tan shoes I do hereby will to Mr. Barker.

I, Anita Haub, before departing, do give and bequeath, my girlish and attractive style of hair dressing to Ida Haynie, and my supply of rats and false hair I bestow upon Gladys Eardly, in hopes that she may have more satisfactory results in puffing and marcelling her hair. To Ruby Ahl I leave my coquettish laugh, but hope that it will not bother Mr. Vivian as much as mine did.

I, Hazel Graham, do leave to Lenora Moodey my "stand-in" with all the teachers, in hopes that in that way she may succeed in getting as many E's as I did. To Elza Frese I give my abundance of fussy wool, hoping that she will be as careful as I was about keeping it up from my face.

I, Perry Litton, do hereby bequeath my rosy cheeks to Cecelia Crowley, and my bashful ways to Charlotte Van Wormer. To Leo

Noonan, I leave my industrious attitude, hoping that it might benefit him.

I, Minnie Cooper, do give to Dorothy Smith my highly-treasured black sweater with the big "S" in hopes that it will fit her as well as it did me. To the one who is most capable I leave my position as captain of the girls' basketball team, and my favoritism with Mr. Vivian I leave to Blair Dickson.

I, Grace Hinds, in this last will and testament, leave to Gladys Hodgson my boisterous laugh, and my "Buster Brown" collars to Albert Maroni, and my little watch to Dorothy Steele, that she may be able to be on time for school once a week.

I, Eleanor Smith, on this solemn occasion, do bequeath to Ida Haynie a few feet of my unnecessary height, my curly locks I leave to Helen Keegan, knowing that she will appreciate the same. My meek and gentle manner I bestow upon Ruth Overton, hoping that my gift will be used to advantage.

I, Marion Pierson, or rather "Bill," do give this day my graceful amble to Nina Doyle, my abundant supply of hair I do bequeath to Adah Smith, and my fondness for my history teacher I leave to Roy Kuykendall.

I, Joseph Lombardi, realizing that my time has come, desire to leave to Skip Grove, a handful of shot, which he will find in the right-hand corner of my desk, with the request that it be taken from the building immediately. My popularity with the opposite sex I hand down to Lawrence Moore.

I, Kathryn Smyth, leave to Ralph Wallace my much-terasured specks in case he should lose his. One of my few freckles I fondly bestow upon Marie Bish, together with my favorite sailor blouse. My auburn locks I bequeath to Jeffreys Birch, and to Vera Dessau I leave my delightful giggle.

I, Wilfred Luce, do hereby bequeath to Charles Clark, my prominent Roman nose, knowing that it will add much to his appearance. My "Latin pony" I leave to Nan

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Gould, for I know that she will miss my valuable assistance in that subject. My failing for the fair sex I bestow upon Ben Drake.

I, Kenneth Bryant, leave my art of queen-ing to Guy Grosse, that he may be as popular with the fair sex as I was. My abundant supply of hot socks I graciously will to Raford Leggett to add to his already large supply.

I, Edna Crane, will my peaches and cream complexion to Allison Dickson, and my meek and gentle ways to Rosaline Boido. My well-worn, old bicycle I will to Miss Leddy, as she has so far to walk.

I, Haltie Lewis, on this last and serious occasion, do will to Luella Sibbald my favorite jeweled back comb, in hopes that she will appreciate my generosity. My scalloped collar I leave to Mr. Vivian as it is low and very comfortable.

I, Gertrude Cnopius, do will and bequeath my long, white sweater to Emily Reud, my dimples to Kinley Ahl and my art for sticking on my fiery steed, I leave to Weston Anderson.

I, Robert Lockhart, bestow upon Walton Hasting my beautiful head of curly hair, which I think will add greatly to his appearance; my brown suit of clothes I leave to Chester Case, hoping that he will be as careful of it as I have been.

I, Jack Sibbald, do impart to Madeline Cowan my good opinion of myself, and my case on Kathleen Miller I leave to William Morrow, hoping that he will call as often as I did. My last request is that my white sweater shall go to Fred Holmes.

I, Maud Hinds, knowing that my days are numbered, do solemnly confer upon Ly-mon Hehir my fondness for studying; my book-strap I leave to Dorothy Steele in order that she may more conveniently carry home her books. The wads of gum under the lid of my desk I bestow upon Leo Noonan so that he may have something to do during study periods.

I, Lulu Helman, leave to Erba Peugh my blond rat, knowing that she is in need of

it. My fondness for laughing in the study hall I leave to Grace Dougherty, and my skill in hair-dressing I fondly bestow upon Nina Doyle.

I, Victor McDaniels, leave my track suit to Mervin Forsyth, knowing that he is highly interested in athletics. My becoming "pomp" I leave to Edna Pierce as my most highly-prized treasure, which she must keep to remember me.

I, Marie Farnlof, will to Mary Mathews, my frivolous way, which I hope will not cause as much trouble as it did me. My terrible habit of cutting I leave to Lena Baun, that she may succeed as well as I did in not being caught.

I, Ethel Purrington, leave my spectacles to Roy Kuykendall, that they may increase his aspect of profound wisdom. My pug nose must go to Vernon Ross to give him that fetchingly saucy appearance, while my red skirt I leave to Gladys Carithers, as I know she is sadly in need of it.

I, Beulah Lockwood, will my shrill giggle to Esther Scott, which must not bother the teachers in the study hall. My faithful, old steed that I always drive to school I leave to the one most deserving.

I, Constance Mader, bequeath my unsurpassable record of tardiness to the school. Please frame and hang it by Mr. Searcy's desk so that he will be more lenient with those who are not so proficient in this line. My tall, slim stature is to be left for Ada Smith.

I, Howard Brush, wish to impart to Raegan Talbot my rosy cheeks; to Mr. Searcy I leave my rubber heels, and to Howard Gilkie must be given my brown kid gloves, hoping that these last gifts will be duly appreciated.

We desire that the above be duly executed, and as executor of this, our last will and testament, we appoint Mr. Searcy, knowing that he will promptly attend to every detail.

(Signed) Class of June, 1910.

Witnesses:

Mr. Vivian and Miss McDermott.

CLASS PROPHECY

(By Lulu Helman and Edna Crane)



WE had been praying to every divinity of earth and sky for help on that prophecy, but to no avail. But on the night of May, the 18th, when the earth passed through the tail of Halley's comet, we were overcome by the gases.

Immediately we seemed to be in a far country; from all we had read, we knew it must be fair Italy. Coming along the dusty road was an organ-grinder, and when he saw us he struck up a gay tune. Stopping before us, he took off his hat and gave it to the monkey to pass for the coins; and we saw to our astonishment, Ralph, the once dignified and wily president of the June '10 class. He said he had started out to see Europe again, but his funds gave out and he had taken up this high calling. We wished him success and, giving the monkey a nickle, passed on.

It was grand opera season in Rome, so we secured tickets for "Carmen." When the curtain arose, the singer, a beautiful woman in dazzling evening dress, stepped forth amid thunderous applause. She opened her lips and the clear notes filled the great building. We could hardly believe our eyes for there was Mary, the quiet little Mary of June '10.

Before we left Rome another pleasant surprise was ours. We saw Beulah Lockwood and Nellie Lonergan interpreting Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" in most exquisite classical dancing, which brought to our minds the classic dancing we had seen in the girls' basement of the old High, morning, noon and night, for four years.

One evening, taking a gondola ride in Venice, we passed closely by another gondola, carrying a charming young lady and a gentleman, distinguished by the regularity

of his features. He was leaning over the lady, and gazing into her face, speaking in tones charged with feeling. Gazing closer at the lover we recognized Wilfred Luce.

At a railroad station in Germany, we met a fat, jolly-looking policeman. Approaching him, to question about railroad schedules, we recognized by the dimple in his chin, Frank McArthur.

Passing along the beautiful streets of Paris, we met a bevy of convent girls, with a nun, coming from a famous Catholic school for girls. Her face was sad, and we overheard two ladies, walking ahead of us, say: "Isn't it too bad about the young nun we just passed; you know he never came back." We knew in an instant it must be Jean, and that her handsome young lover, who had sailed away to Japan, had never returned, and she was trying to drown her sorrow here.

While resting in a park we read the following item in a paper: "Mademoiselle Haltie Lewis is now in her new hair-dressing parlor prepared to dress the latest Parisian coiffures."

We were just about to lay the paper aside when a name caused us to snatch it up again. We read: "Perry Litton, young and handsome, angelic disposition, wants a wife. She must be witty and comely. Same apply at Box 23." We knew by the description that this must be our old classmate.

Crowds were thronging to and fro in a great circus tent, but the crowd gave way as an old maid fought her way to the ropes, so she could get her darling yellow cat to the air, lest it would suffocate. We were surprised to find Alice Letold, but she was too concerned about her cat to discuss old High School times.

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We left the circus, and walking along, we were followed by a tall, attenuated person, who kept up the cry, "Won't you buy a pencil, a pencil?" We turned to give him a glassy stare and recognized Kenneth Bryant.

We heard a newsboy shouting, "Extra! Extra! All about the greatest writer and her latest book!" We purchased one and read that Ruth Elmore's book, "The Courtship of Puss in Boots," was a howling success.

In England we met a bridal party coming down the steps of a great cathedral. We immediately recognized the happy benedict and ran up to congratulate Clyde Hudson and his blushing bride, the little Freshie who had sat across the aisle.

We heard that Marian Pierson had made her debut into English society and had married a real lord.

"Cupid" Weeks had taken an important part in politics and had been sent as Ambassador from the United States to England. In his frock coat and silk hat we hardly recognized him.

In the Scottish Highlands we saw Robert Lockhart dressed in "kilts" and doing the Highland fling. The kilts were extremely becoming and he was energy itself in the fling.

In a large art institute among hundreds of students we met Ethel Purrington. She was working on her masterpiece, "The School Spirit."

Then we were carried to the guest room of the Imperial Palace of Japan. We were granted an audience, and while in the presence of the Mikado, a Japanese waiter entered bearing a steaming bowl, which he placed before his majesty. Then prostrating himself, he bumped his head on the floor three times and we recognized Jack, who was now chief chop-stick bearer to his majesty, the Mikado of Japan.

We hailed a jinrikisha one hot day and the runner, to our surprise, proved to be John Rued, noted for his strength and fast running.

Then we were boarding a steamer bound for the American continent, and had just come on deck, when a boy came down the dock singing, "Shine! Shine! Get your shoes shined!" And there we saw Don. He told us there were two other class-mates on board, and led the way to the galley. Here we found Scott Webb, a typical tar, with that innocent expression which belongs to cherubs. We were delighted to find these two class-mates and asked who the other one was. "Why, Victor McDaniels; haven't you heard of him?" they said. "He's the one who makes that fine soup—one bucket of water and one onion." And we knew he was the chef on the ship.

Then we were transported again and found ourselves in Canada, following a great procession of women, with banners flying. They proceeded to a hall, where one ascended the platform and made a stirring address on politics. Inquiring who the speaker was, we found it was Hazel Graham of the old June class.

Under a large oak tree we found a school ma'm surrounded by about fifty freckled-faced urchins. They were having a picnic and as they were spreading out their lunch we heard the old familiar remark: "O just see how much we've got to eat." And we knew immediately it was Constance Mader.

At Newport we found Elsie Rickard, a dashing society belle, who had taken the city by storm.

After leaving High, Kathryn had taken up singing, and we learned that she now had a steady job singing "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean—Dead Drunk," for phonographic records.

Then we were in a crowd of uniforms and we knew it must be West Point. Here we found Florence Pool with a string of cadets at her heels.

We met a gentleman in New York hurrying along like a cyclone. After he passed, he came back to speak to us. It was an old class-mate, Joe Lombardi. He had a book-printing establishment, where he printed Latin ponies. After a few words he hurried

on, as he said he had a large, urgent order to be filled.

We learned that Eleanor had gone to India, as a missionary, to convert the heathen there.

Here also we found Gertrude Cnopius making perfumes, and we remembered her old liking for the delicate (?) odors.

In the Middle West we found Maud and Grace Hinds, matrons over an institution for high school students, suffering from brain fag. They told us their establishment was well filled.

Journeying along a lonely road, we met Minnie Cooper, peddling ice cream cornucopias.

Next we found ourselves at Stanford University. Down the walk came a light-haired girl (if one of thirty years may be termed a girl.) The graceful amble recalled a character of High School days and sure enough it was Anita. When we expressed our surprise at finding her still at Stanford, with a grin she told us there were ten boys to every girl at Stanford. She told us she had read in the morning papers that Percy was a heavy-weight champion, and she thought it would be "keen" if we could go and see him box on Saturday. We were sorry we could not remain.

We found Marie here at college. She had turned her attention to astronomy and had already discovered many new planets.

In the high mountains we found Beulah Miller on a farm, herding geese.

With a start we both sat up; the earth had passed through the comet's tail, so our own future was left unknown to us.

The Presentation

We are glad that it is the custom of graduating classes to leave to the school some gift, which will add to its beauty and improvement, and by which they may be remembered, for it gives us the opportunity to present a gift which will in some measure express our appreciation and gratitude.

Many different forms of presents have been chosen, such as Greek casts, pictures,

silver trophy cups, and busts of great men. We have chosen our gift from the latter class, and feel that we can rightly claim the honor of presenting to the school a statue of one of the greatest and the best known of Americans. So familiar is his life to everyone, that I can add nothing new concerning him; his fine, highly-bred face, expressing his splendid character, will be not only an adornment to our study hall, but an inspiration to the students. For these reasons we have chosen a statue of George Washington.

Marion Pierson.

SCHOOL NOTES

The class party, which was held at the Saturday Afternoon Clubhouse, on Friday evening, May 20th, proved to be a brilliant affair. There were many students present and dancing was enjoyed throughout the evening, after which refreshments were served. The party lasted until a late hour, and was pronounced a decided success by all.

Miss Young, a former instructor in science, visited the High School a few weeks ago. We were all pleased to greet Miss Young and have her among us again.

Rev. Sailles spoke before the Student Body a few weeks ago. His address was pleasing and instructive and was enjoyed by all.

ALUMNI NOTES

The Misses Ada Cline and Serena Mad-dux are home again from U. C.

Miss Helen Johnson, who is attending the University of California, is home again.

Ray Jeans, a student of the University of California, arrived in Santa Rosa a few days ago to spend the summer vacation.

Harold McMeans, who is studying law at Stanford, is home again. He expects to sail for Japan in a few weeks for an extended pleasure trip.

Fred McConnell, a former student of the High School, graduated from the University of California at the close of this semester.

THE SPY

"The two men in the tent had not quite finished their plans (but I had gained the most important facts), when the relieved guard suddenly rushed back to the tent, where I lay. He went inside and began excitedly to tell the men of my imprisonment and escape. He had barely finished, when another man rushed into the tent and told them of having found the man, called Jack, tied to a tree in the forest. From this man Jack, he had learned of what I had done in the forest. Then, by comparing the two stories just related, the men decided I must be a spy of the enemy, and orders were given to search for me.

"By this time, I thought I had better act immediately. On looking around me I was surprised to see the great commotion already in camp, and the near approach of dawn. I crept a short distance through the grass, from the tent to the forest, without anyone noticing me. I then made a dash for the river. By dodging sentinels, I had gone quite a distance before anyone saw me. Then the last sentinel, whom I had fooled the night before, saw me and fired several times. One of the bullets went through my sleeve and grazed my arm. None of the others touched me. He immediately gave the alarm in camp.

"I ran as quickly as possible to the river, found my canoe and rowed off. As I was turning a bend, I heard several horses galloping, so I expect they followed me clear to the river. They will be looking for me all over this part of the country, and, although I don't think they will find us, it is best to be on the safe side and get away as soon as possible. I must sleep the rest of the day, and then, when it is quite dark, I will set off to take my information to our own army. You men had better pack up this afternoon, and be ready to leave soon after I do."

After William had retired to the tent, the other men ate their lunch and talked over

the adventures of their companion.

Late in the evening Williams awoke and prepared to start on his journey. He had changed the British uniform for his own, fearing the men in his own army might take him for an enemy. As he was leaving he said to his companions, who were also preparing to leave: "I'll go on ahead and take the shortest route to our army, and you follow as soon as possible. But be very cautious, for I think the British are posted on all sides, at least for quite a distance, watching and searching for us." Then he galloped off through the forest, leaving the other men to come later.

He had travelled the greater part of the night without being seen by the enemy, although he had seen a few of them. Along towards morning he rode unexpectedly upon a group, which had been partly concealed behind a thick clump of trees. Upon discovering them, he rode far out to one side, hoping to get by unnoticed, but when he thought he had succeeded, one of the men saw him and gave the alarm. As the men were unmounted he was able to get a considerable head-start.

After going at a hard pace for some distance, his horse began to falter. He knew he must stop soon or his horse would give out. Coming to the edge of the forest he saw a large farm-house a few yards off. He determined to seek shelter from the enemy there, as it seemed to be his only chance. He rode up to the back door and knocked hastily. The door was soon opened by a young lady, and he asked her if he could hide some place in the house, as some of the British soldiers were following close behind him, and it would mean death to him if he were caught. She looked perplexed for a moment, then, taking a hammer from a shelf, she told him to follow her. They passed through the dining-room, where a man and some boys, evidently the farmer and his sons, were eating breakfast. They

invited Williams to eat, but he declined and explained his situation. Then the farmer took the hammer, which the girl handed him and said that he would hide the spy in the attic. He bade one of his sons to look after the horse, which Williams had left outside.

Up in the attic there was an old fire-place, which had been walled up for sometime. Unnailing the boards, the farmer bade Williams get inside, which he did. As soon as he was settled inside the farmer nailed up the boards again.

By this time the British had come up to the house. They inquired if the people there had seen anything of a spy from the Colonists' army. The farmer told the soldiers that they were at liberty to search the

house, which they did. After searching for some time, without any success, they left and went on their way.

Williams was then released from his dirty hiding-place, looking more like a negro than a white man. After he had washed and eaten he started on his journey again. Before starting he had thanked the family for saving his life, and had also promised the young lady that he would come again, when released from duty, to pay her a visit, for he had at first sight taken a great liking to her. He proceeded on his way without any further adventures, and arrived safely at his camp with the information which had been so difficult to gain, and which proved to be very valuable.

Edith Sanford '12.

MY FIRST BALLOON FLIGHT

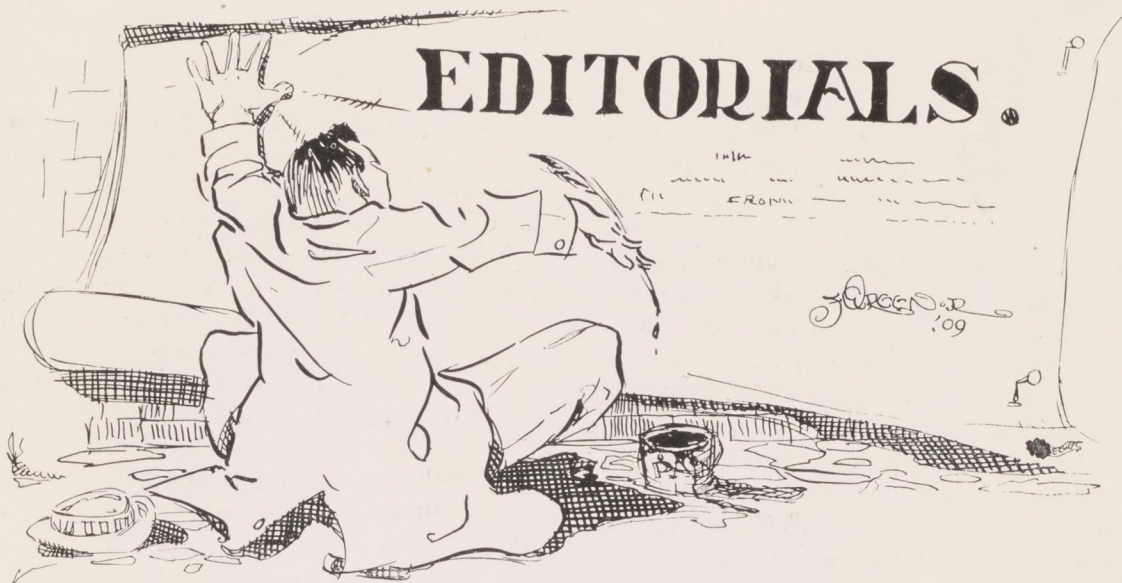
I had my first experience in riding in a balloon a few days after Santa Rosa saw the one go up, which was on Fifth street on Carnival day.

There was a large crowd around the great balloon and the proprietor asked a number of us boys if we would hold the ropes while they were filling the balloon with gas. We were all glad to help and quickly ran to do as we were asked. It took a very short time until the balloon was full of air and gas. I thought it would take longer, for the first balloon I saw filled took nearly an hour until it was full. I was then busy talking with a friend about what a nice thing a balloon is, and explaining how the man would drop in his parachute. The last I remember was "Ready," and I left the earth. Before I had time to think I was flying above the buildings and Santa

Rosa. I then could not let go, so I hung on for dear life. It seemed as though we were standing still and the earth was falling away from us. The man who was on the balloon above me, was busy showing the people down below what he could do so high in the air and he could not hear my cries for help.

At last I began to get so tired that I could hardly keep my hands on the rope any longer and I began to slide down the rope until I hit the knot on the end and then fell into the air. I heard a great cry from the people below and then I got very dizzy. It seemed to me that I would never hit the ground, but I at last hit with a thump. I breathed a sigh of relief and crawled back to bed.

Paul Rued.



THE ECHO

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EDITORIAL

Vacation is here once more, and with it comes the graduation of another large class. Their faces will surely be missed when next term comes with its new plans and enforcements. The graduates have had not a small part in school activities, especially in boys' and girls' athletics, where they will be sadly missed. A glance at the athletic department of this issue will show that they have made and helped to make many high records for the glory of our school.

With the Commencement number of The Echo, comes another change in the editorial staff. Here, too, the Seniors will be missed when next term brings about the selection of a new body of workers. However, we feel certain that there are many who are ready, and fully competent to take the places left vacant by them. The editor, therefore, in handing over the responsibility of the paper to the new management, wishes to express her sincere belief in its future success, and the hope that the coming year will see many improvements in its pages. No one could have had a more loyal support than she has had from the staff this term. May the work of the new staff be as harmonious and as prosperous.

We wish everyone a happy vacation and the best of times this summer.

Result of Student Body Election May 20, 1910.

President—W. Hastings, 51; L. Mermann, 42.
First Vice-President—C. McIntosh, 59; B. Drake, 36.
Second Vice-President—Ave Litton, 79; I. Norris, 16.
Secretary—G. Duncan, 55; E. Scott, 39.
Editor—L. Moore, 64; W. Hastings, 26.
Field and Track Manager—E. Wilson, 57; C. McIntosh, 38.
Football Manager—S. Abeel, 53; C. Clark, 41.
Girls' Basketball Manager—L. Lewis, 51; M. Lonergan, 42.
Boys' Basketball Manager—L. Moore, 50; Jesse Wilson, 43.
Baseball Manager—W. Lambert, 82; A. Maroni, 11.
Amendment to add section to Art. VIII.—“Yes,” 45; “No,” 6.

In Farewell

To us, the world is full of beauty;
The flowers that grow,
The winds that blow,
Are all for us; we know no duty.
The seas of bending grain stretch out
In billowy wavelets blowing,
The laden fruit trees drop their store
Of wealth, so richly glowing.
The leaves that dance,
The lights that glance,
Sing songs with joy o'erflowing.

For us, all things are filled with gladness.
The summer sky,
The clouds that fly
Are lightly gay; we know no sadness.
The days of June are warm and sweet,
The air with incense filling;
Its lazy hours invite us now
With bird notes gently trilling.
The sunny hills,
The merry rills,
With joy our hearts are thrilling.

To us, the world gives all its treasure.
Its ancient lore,
Its modern store,
Of knowledge deep; ours without measure.
The gifts to us have been as free
As summer sunshine mellow;
The best of all there is we take,
More gifts are sure to follow.
We know no care,
The earth's as fair
As spring-time's fields of yellow.

To us, the world for help is calling.
Our play-time's past,
We'll try at last
Some work to do, ere play is palling.
The sunbeams lightly dance with glee
While birds their fleetness borrow;
The flowers bloom for you and me,
We know no fear nor sorrow.
The world is wide
And glad, and so
We'll wait for the tomorrow.



April 19th the regular meeting was held. The request of the carnival committee for a High School entry was discussed and the matter was left to Mr. Barker to present to the student body. Mr. Barker reported on the purchase of the talking machine, but no definite action was taken.

April 20th a special meeting was held. It was decided to pay the baseball team's expenses to Hitchcock from the reserve fund.

April 26th a special meeting was called in the morning at recess. The baseball team was given permission to play Anal after school that evening.

April 26th, the regular meeting was held. The matter of sending the track team to Benicia was discussed. It was decided to levy a special tax of 10 cents. The auditing committee reported on the treasurer's report, and suggested the appointment of a finance committee. The report was accepted.

April 29th, a special meeting was held. It was decided to send the track team to Benicia. Mr. Vivian, Carroll McIntosh and Shirley Abeel were appointed to act as a special committee to try and arouse more support of the special tax.

May 3rd, the regular meeting was held. The treasurer's report was given and turned over to the auditing committee.

C. McIntosh, Mr. Searcy and W. Hastings were appointed to formulate an amendment to provide for a finance committee. The nominations for the regular election were made as follows: President, Lester Mermann, Walton Hastings; first vice-president, Carroll McIntosh, Ben Drake; second vice-president, Ava Litton, Irene Norris; secretary, Esther Scott, George Duncan; editor, Bertha Brown, Lawrence Moore, Walton Hastings; field and track manager, Carroll McIntosh, Earl Wilson; girls' basketball manager, Lily Lewis, Margaret Lonergan; boys' basketball manager, Lawrence Moore, Jesse Wilson; baseball manager, Will Lambert, Albert Maroni; yell leader, Clarence Grove, Henry Brush.

May 7th, a special meeting was held. The bill of Company E was allowed from the reserve fund.

May 10th, a regular meeting was held. The board approved of having the previously appointed collectors act on the rest of the special assessment. The resignations of Bertha Brown, Henry Brush and Clarence Grove were accepted. The secretary gave a report as to the amendment. The board instructed the committee to finish the section and post it for notice.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Track

S. R. H. S. wins the big league meet.

For the third time the S. R. H. S. track team won the S. N. S. C. A. L. field meet at Benicia on April 30. It was an interesting meet from start to finish and there were many close finishes. There were six records broken and two tied. McDaniels of Santa Rosa, went 5 ft. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in the high jump, breaking the record. King also broke the record in the hammer-throw with a throw of 129 ft. 8 in. The sprints brought out a bunch of good men. Wilson and Hudson both won their respective heats in the 50 yard dash in the fast time of 52-5 seconds. In the finals Hudson, with a poor start, succeeded in getting second place. The relay was as usual the prettiest race of the day. It was won by our crack relay team, which was composed of Hudson, Potter, Clark and Wilson. S. R. H. S. has never been beaten in the relay in this league, nor in the N. W. Sub-League, and it makes no difference whether it is a mile relay or an 880 yard relay. Too much honor cannot be given to the team that journeyed to Benicia and won all this glory for our High School. The team was composed of Captain Webb, C. Clark, E. Wilson, C. McIntosh, R. Snyder, L. Miller, R. Lockhart, C. Hudson, V. McDaniels, C. Gore, F. Pedersen, R. Potter, V. King and W. Lambert. The score was: Santa Rosa, 55 $\frac{1}{2}$; Benicia, 35; Napa, 19 $\frac{1}{4}$; Vallejo, 11; Analy 8 $\frac{1}{4}$; St. Helena, 6.



THE ECHO.

The summary is as follows:

50 yard dash—First heat won by Hudson, S. R. Time :5 2-5. Second heat won by Crooks, B. Time :5 2-5. Third heat won by Wilson, S. R. Time :5 2-5. Final won by Crooks, B.; Hudson, S. R., second; Harris, N., third. Time :5 2-5.

100 yard dash—Won by Crooks, B.; Harris, N., second; Hudson, S. R., third. Time :10.

220 yard dash—Won by Crooks, B.; Hudson, S. R., and Harris, N., tied for second. Time :23.

440 yard dash—Won by Clark, S. R.; Mellin, V., second; Lowery, N., third. Time :56.

880 yard dash—Won by Mellin, V.; Lockhart, S. R., second; Perry, B., third. Time 2:12 4-5.

1 mile run—Won by Cutts, B.; Falconer, N., second; Dichman, St. H., third. Time 4:45.

120 yard hurdles—Won by McDaniels, S. R.; Genty, V., second; Gore, S. R., third. Time 18 1-5.

220 yard hurdles—Won by Vasconi, St. H.; Gore, S. R., second; Schoor, B., third. Time :28.

Relay—Won by Santa Rosa; Benicia, second; Napa, third. Time 1:39 4-5.

High jump—Won by McDaniels, S. R.; Lockhart, S. R., second; Pometta, B., third. Height 5 ft. 5¾ in.

Shot put—Won by Robertson, N.; Elson, B., second; Lockhart, S. R., third. Distance 39 ft. 10 in.

Broad jump—Won by Wiggins, A.; McIntosh, S. R., second; Willard, A., third. Distance 21 ft. 3 in.

Hammer throw—Won by King, S. R.; Elson, B., second; Webb, S. R., third. Distance 129 ft. 8 in.

Pole vault—Pedersen, S. R.; Potter, S. R.; Wiggins, A., and Mayfield, N., tied for first. Height 10 ft.

Another school year is ended and a few words may be said about what our men have accomplished on the track. We have

always done well in any meet in which we participated. After we withdrew from the S. M. A. A. L. the interest in track athletics seemed to lag until the S. N. S. C. A. L. was organized last spring. Then we once more took an interest in track athletics and certainly made a good beginning by winning the first meet of the new league on May 15, 1909. Then on October 30, we sent a team to Vallejo to the second meet of the league and won this very handily. This spring we won the third meet of the league with 20 points to spare. We now hold six records in S. N. S. C. A. L., which are:

1. G. Lee in 220 yard low hurdles. Time :27 4-5.

2. V. McDaniels in high jump. Height 5 ft. 5 3-4 in.

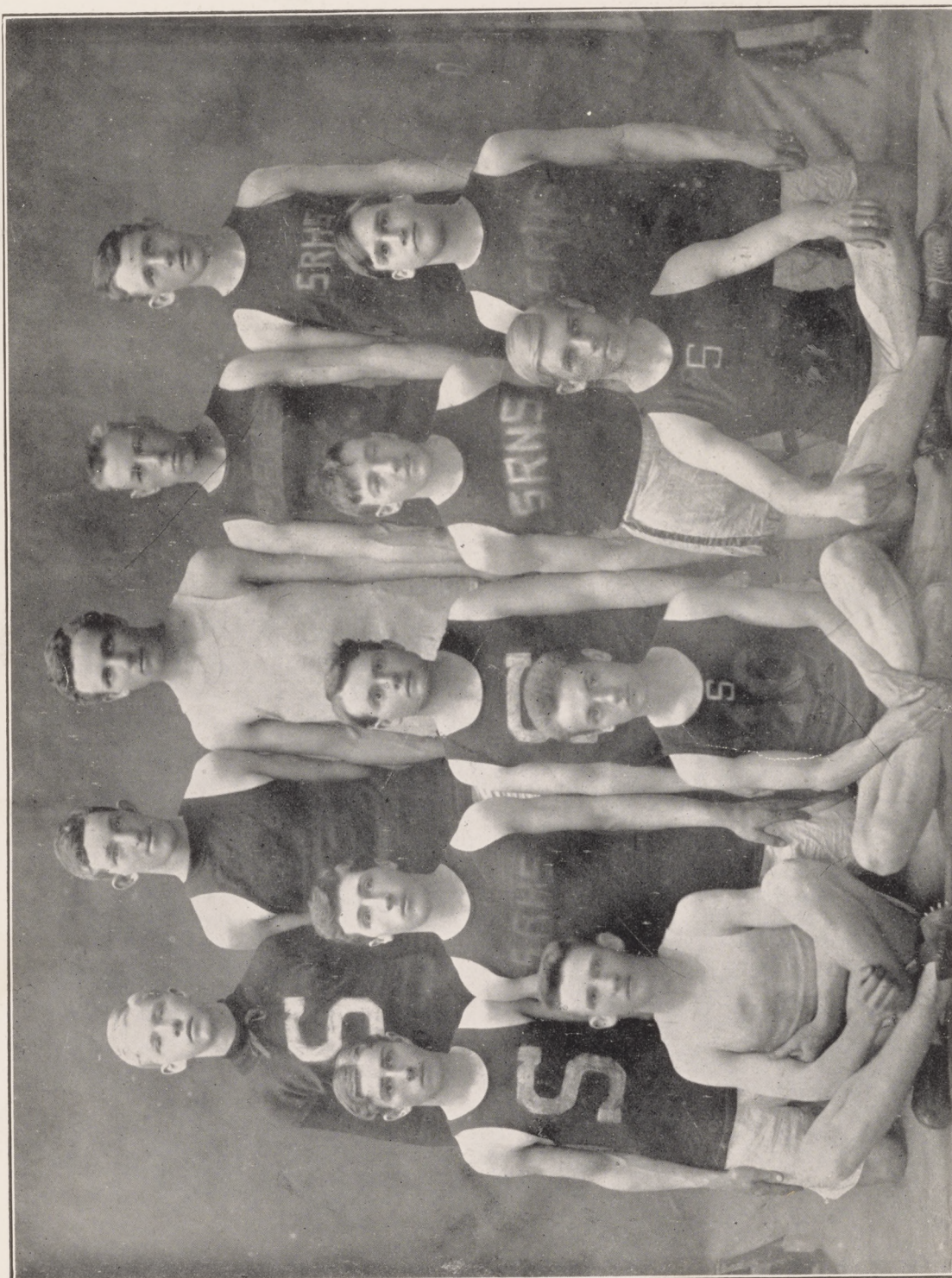
3. G. Lee in pole vault. Height 11 ft.

4. S. Abeel in shot put. Distance 41 ft. 6½ in.

5. V. King in hammer throw. Distance 129 ft. 8 in.

6. 880 yard relay—Team composed of Hudson, McIntosh, Cochrane and Wilson. Time 1:37.







Last fall the Northwestern Sub-League of the A. A. L. was organized. There are fifteen schools in the league, including schools of five counties. We succeeded in getting second place last fall, and again this spring. Although we did not win these two meets, our relay team always came out in the lead. The S. R. H. S. relay team which won the relay in the first meet and holds the league record, was composed of C. Hudson, R. Potter, C. Weeks, C. Gould, P. Cochrane and E. Wilson. Santa Rosa now holds three records in the league, which are:

1. C. Hudson in 100 yard dash. Time :10 2-5.
2. C. Hudson in 220 yard dash. Time :23 4-5.
3. Mile relay (team given above). Time 3:30.

Graduation is here again and we lost a number of our best athletes. Out of the fourteen men that went to Benicia and won the meet there, six of them graduate this

June. These six men scored $33\frac{1}{4}$ points out of the $55\frac{1}{2}$ points made by Santa Rosa. We are sorry to lose these athletes, as they have done a great deal towards winning the meets for us. Although the track men will be weakened by their absence, it will probably be strengthened by new material. The following athletes will be missed from the track team next fall: Captain Webb, Ralph Potter, LeRoy Miller, Robert Lockhart, Victor McDaniel and Clyde Hudson.

Baseball

The baseball team have played three games already this season, two games with Analy and one with Hitchcock. The first game with Analy was a victory for Santa Rosa with a score of 11 to 4. Our team did well in these games for the practice that they have had. The team next year will miss J. Lombardi, who graduates this June. He is the pitcher for our team and is a good player all round.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS



It is, indeed, very pleasant to think of the coming vacation, yet all the girls are sorry to stop their basketball games. This has been a very busy season for them. They have played against, and defeated every strong team on the Coast, except Healdsburg. This one game they lost while playing in the A. A. L. series. Although it was a very great disappointment, the girls agree that Healdsburg won it fairly.

This year the girls have practiced faithfully, and when we look back over it, we know their efforts have not been in vain, for they have given S. R. H. S. a name to be remembered in basketball.

The inter-class games of 1910 were not played owing to the withdrawal of the

Senior team. The captains of the various teams are: First year, Beryl LeBaron; second year, Ruth Sumner; third year, Marjory Cone; fourth year, Minnie Cooper.

The basketball team as seen in the picture, is composed of the following players: Centers, Ida Haynie, Marjory Cone, Minnie Cooper; guards, Ruth Sumner, Lillie Lewis; goalers, Margaret and Nellie Loneragan.

"Santa Rosa has the team,
The team of basketball;
It is victorious over all
The other teams of ball."

EXCHANGES

"The Argus," Tulare, Cal.: You need some cuts and a few more good jokes to brighten up your paper. Your arrangement could be improved upon by placing the list of staff, etc., on the editorial page, instead of filling up the first page with this material. We like your stories, and the "Scientific Consideration" of a Freshman is certainly very laughable.

"The Sotoyoman," Healdsburg, Cal.: You have an attractive cover and splendid arrangement, but your literary material is below the average. However, the girls are to be congratulated upon putting out the paper by themselves. The poem, "The High School Girl," is well written. The exchange column is pleasingly original.

"The Oracle," Bakersfield: As far as you go, you are splendid, but we miss your former athletic and exchange columns. Your stories are well told.

"The Oasis," Reno, Nevada: Your departments are full and interesting, and your exchange column especially well managed. "The Closed Door" holds one's interest, although a comparatively long story. Some cuts would just fix you up, "Oasis."

"The Skirmisher," Burlingame: You are a pleasure to look through—"first-class" in all parts. The cover design for May is especially well drawn and appropriate. We also congratulate you upon your lively athletic column and your helpful exchange notes.

"The Tripod," Saco, Maine: Why do you put your josh column under the head of "Locals?" We think your appearance would be improved by adding a table of contents. Your alumni notes are good.

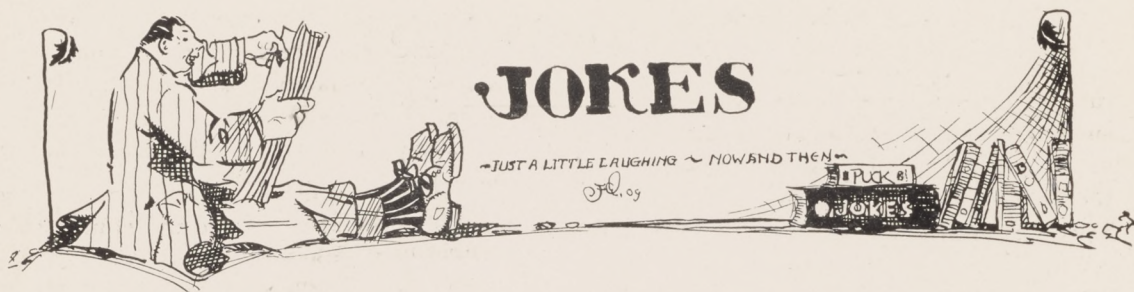
"The Quill," Marion, Iowa: You lack literary contributions from the pupils of

your school. What material you have is good, and if properly added to, would bring you up to the standard.

"The Owl," Fresno, Cal., always contains something new and original. Its cuts and cover designs are artistic and appropriate. If there are any faults with "The Owl" they are hard to perceive.

"Mt. Marty Annuel," Rosedale, Kansas: We are glad to receive this large exchange, so full of good material and attractive pictures. It seems to pay here to combine all the issues in one, and thus be able to produce a perfect annual paper, where quality means more than quantity. We enjoyed your witty joshes and interesting stories.





HOW TO MAKE A SENIOR

First Year—

Take a Freshman fater lean,
Just as long as he is green;
If myself, prefer the fatter,
But perhaps it doesn't matter.

Second Year—

Carefully smooth out the dimples,
Dash in French and other simples;
And some old Egyptian lore
To change him to a Sophomore.

Third Year—

Now remove his childish dresses,
Amputates his golden tresses;
Add self-importance and some nerve
And as a Junior he will serve.

Fourth Year—

Arrange some down upon his lips,
Give his hat a rakish tip;
Roll up his trousers to the knee
And then a Senior he will be.

Miss Leddy—"Lulu, translate 'Rex In-
git.'"

Lulu—"The king fled."

Miss L.—"No; it is the present tense."

Lulu—"The king has fleas."

Mr. Cutting—"Kathryn, have you your
yesterday's work done?"

Kathryn S.—"What was it, a stool?"

Mr. C.—"No; a drawing."

Beulah's little sister—"Mama, I looked
through the key-hole last night while sister
and Kenneth were in the parlor."

Mrs. Miller—"What did you find out?"

Beulah's sister—"The light."

A goat ate all our other jokes

And then began to run;

"I cannot stop," he softly said,

"I am so full of fun."

Hearts Are Trumps

Lawrence M.—"If I could hold your hand
you would play better."

Ruth E.—"Perhaps; but what good would
that do? I have no heart."

"In this age of graft and machine bosses,"
remarked a bright pupil, "there is at least
one place where honesty and truth may al-
ways be found."

"For goodness sake's, where?" queried
Mr. V.

"In the dictionary," answered the bright
pupil, as he left the room.

Mr. Vivian—"I'll be at home Monday
and we will have a nice written lesson."

Fred P.—"I'll be at home, too."

Mr. Vivian—"What did the Pope think
when he read Luther's bull?"

Russell S.—"He thought it was a bum
steer."

The Only Way

"The rain is falling," sighed the poet.

"Sure, it is," returned the man with the
grouch; what other way could it go?"

I TOLD YOU SO

Aunt Diana was laboring over the wash-tub, in the side yard, near her cabin, when suddenly and mysteriously a little negro, as if fallen from the skies, sprawled upon the grass near by, picked himself up slowly, and began to whimper.

"Hey, yo', Sam!" cried Aunt Diana. "Didn't I done severely worn yo' 'bout dat? Didn't I caution yo' elaborately? Aint I done tole yo' to quit foolin' eroun' dat mule?"—Judge's Library.

Disgusting

First Student (waking his room-mate at 2 a. m.)—"Whoop! Hooray!—Hic-thash-lash time—hic—I've had shince last schmes-ter!"

Second Stude (sore)—"Well, it certainly cost you enough. That suit you have on is ruined."

First Stude—"Oh, what do I care for 'spenses; Ish got—hic—lots of 'em."

Ralph P.—"Your hat is on the floor."

Hazel (sleepily)—"It it on straight?"

The poems made to fill up space
Have come to be a rank disgrace,
So I am glad that this one will
Leave one less spot of space to fill.

Aint It the Truth?

If H₂ is water and H₂ O₂ peroxide,
Were I a blond with home-brewed hair,
I'd be a little fox; I'd
Reply to digs and questions
With a smile demure and winsome;
A lot of water is all I use—
Just H₂ O (and then some.)

Gertrude C.—"Was it you told me about that advertised letter?"

Bill Luce—"Yes; why?"

Gertrude—"It was utterly uncalled for."

Mr. Vivian (History VII.)—"Who has charge of the Great Seal of the United States?" (expecting the answer, "the Secretary of State.")

Shirley A.—"The proprietor of the Cliff House."

Mr. Vivian—"Have you your card?"

Freshie—"No, sir."

Mr. V.—"Then you can't come in until you get your admittance card."

Freshie—"How much is it?"

Frank McA. having borrowed 25c—"Oh, thank you! Words cannot repay you for this favor."

Henry Brush—"No, I don't thing they can."

Lyman Hehir—"What would you do if you stood in my shoes?"

Roy K.—"I'd get a shine."

Hazel G. (poutingly)—"You had no business to kiss me."

Ralph P.—"But it wasn't business; it was pleasure."

"Could you be content with love in a cottage?" timidly inquired Ralph W.

"Oh, yes," answered Gladys C. "What we saved on the size of a house, we could put into the automobile."

Soap long deferred, maketh the dirt stick.
Leap before you look; then look—foolish.

Carrie St. C.—"What is your favorite bird?"

Annabel L.—"The Martin, of course."

'12—"Isn't Noonan nearly done here?"

'11—"Yes; a couple more flunks will finish him."

Gilkey—"Did you carry out those ideas I gave you about making "The Echo" more interesting?"

Editor—"No; the janitor did."

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THE ECHO.

A Comet Episode

Time—3:30 a. m.

Place—Forsyth residence.

Telephone bell rings. Papa Forsyth (sleepily)—“Hello.”

Adah S.—“Hello! Is that you, Dad? Is Mervyn there?”

Dad—“Yes; he's asleep. Anything important?”

Adah—“Oh no; I just wanted to talk with him.”

“Gee,” said the Freshman, when he had put on his cap which had shrunken as a result of yesterday's rain. “Won't the folks to hum be surprised to find how much my bain has pushed by shull out.”

The following little incident occurred just before Jack Sibbald graduated:

“Miss O'Meara,” said Jack, with a deep feeling of gratitude. “I am indebted to you for all I know.”

“Oh, don't mention such a trifle,” replied Miss O'Meara.

Some of the students are becoming so filled with English that they can scarcely speak intelligently. At one of the recent fires someone exclaimed, “Dickens, Howitt Burns!”

IN FAREWELL

Sing songs with joy o'erflowing.
With joy our hearts are thrilling.
Amputate his golden tresses;
Roll up his trousers to the knee

Mr. Rickard, who had happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see somebody hastily slip off someone else's knee.

“Ah' Elsie,” he observed, pleasantly. “This is a merger, isn't it; or it it a limited partnership?”

“Neither, papa,” said Elsie, recovering herself instantly. “Shirley is my holding company—that's all.”

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A pair out canoeing
To change seats essayed,
And these are the bubbles—

O	O
O	O
O	O
O	O

That sinking they made.

Miss O'Meara was heard to make this statement in Eng. V: "I want a man."

To Be Sure

When we think of Ireland's woes, our hearts go pity—Pat!

Senior—"In Russia they never say, 'What's in a name?'"

Freshie—"Why not?"

Senior—"It's taken for granted that it is the whole alphabet."

What Makes a Case?

A pretty face, a frat pin that can change its place,

A dance program filled with just one name;

A hate of chaperoning dame;

A flunk card to pay for stolen joy,

And last of all—a lemon.

Miss Wirt (Eng. VI.)—"This period the class may write on "The Result of Laziness."

At the end of the period Russell S. handed in as his composition, a blank paper.

Senior—"Why are Hudson's athletic notes like a saloon?"

Freshie—"I'll pass."

Senior—"Why, because they are full of spirit."



THE ECHO.

Mr. Searcy—"Why are you late?"

Mervyn F.—"The bell rang before I got here."

Roy K.—"My uncle used to smoke his pipe and blow rings that would float across the room and ring the door knob."

Weston A.—"My uncle used to blow some that would ring the door bell."

Miss Wirt—"Ralph, what are execrations?"

Ralph Potter (who has forgotten) annoyed—"Curses!"

Miss Wirt—"Correct."

Mr. Vivian (Hist. V.—"Yes, Walpole was patriotic, but what was he worse than that?"

OUR QUESTION

To be or not to be,

Was by Hamlet once "thunk,"

But the question that confronts us,

Is to flunk, or not to flunk."—Ex.

Mr. Searcy—"All your algebra problems are wrong. If this happens again, I'll tell your mother."

Kathryn S.—"But ma did 'em for me."

Rachel Lee—"Do you believe it possible to live on love alone?"

Perry L.—"Oh, yes—between meals."

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THE ECHO.

STUDENTS !

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Mr. Vivian (Hist. IV.)—"Now class, you must cut out using so much slang."

A pair went out "bubbling,"
And broke the speed law;
The auto turned turtle
And here's what they saw—

* * * * *
* * * * *

Guess What Happened

As he met her in the darkened hall
He whispered, "I'll bring you some roses."
What think you this answer irrelevant?
She said, "How cold your nose is."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
Right down in my little bunk;
I pray that I may die tonight,
In order to save another flunk."

Vera D.

Some people are never satisfied. For example, the prisoner who complained of the literature that the prison angel gave him to read: "Nutt'n but continued stories," he grumbled. "An' I'm to be hanged next Tuesday."



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Don G.—“No doubt because they always
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—do you consider me an interesting sub-
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